

Long Distance by LovelySheree

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Summary:

His fingers were rapidly tapping on his desk as he stared at his blank biology paper. Oh right, he thought, letting out a long sigh through his nose, homework. But he couldn't focus on homework right now. He could only focus on her. He knew this was inevitable, he knew there was no avoiding it. Long distance sucked.

Because Mike Wheeler was hopelessly in love with his girlfriend and he hadn't seen her in months.

First Prompt of 7 and part of my Inseparable (Mileven Week 2018) series.

Long Distance

Author's Note:

Hello ST fandom! In celebration of Mileven week, here's my stab at the first prompt! Hope you all enjoy :)

He wasn't saying it was great, but it had gotten easier. He had a comforting routine, a daily schedule bringing a needed consistency to his life. Yes, the mundanes of college and work were oddly settling.

Settling... the word felt bitter and weighed heavy on his mind. His parents had settled, and perhaps he finally understood *why* now that he was an adult himself and dealing with the stresses of life, but that didn't mean he liked that word. He *hated* that word. He *hated* what it had done to his family. He didn't want to grow up and find settling... well, *settling*. Yet here he was, appreciating his neutral colored apartment walls and his very convenient parking spot. Just the other day he had been so excited because there was a pots and pans sale at the nearby general store!

He missed his exciting childhood. Well, maybe he didn't miss *all* of it. The interdimensional catastrophe, otherwise known as the Upside-down, featuring deadly aliens and genetically modified super-powered humans was probably a bit much. Although he didn't mind a few of those things (one super-powered girl in particular).

El. That thought alone made his heart squeeze. He *missed* her. He really, *really* missed her. He missed their spontaneous adventures, the excitement of the unknown, and the shocking, *unsettling* inconsistencies of their time together. He felt so much more colorful around her, and he'd be lying if he said a small part of him wasn't scared of getting caught up in the normalcies of adult life. Would he wake up one day and forget the thrill of the unknown? Would he suddenly find himself perfectly content with the steady rhythm of the day-to-day?

He hoped not.

His fingers were rapidly tapping on his desk as he stared at his blank biology paper. *Oh right*, he thought, letting out a long sigh through his nose, *homework*. But he couldn't focus on homework right now. He could only focus on *her*. He knew this was inevitable, he knew there was no avoiding it. Long distance *sucked*.

Because Mike Wheeler was hopelessly in love with his girlfriend and he hadn't seen her in *months*.

Just wait until Thanksgiving, he mentally told himself, glancing at the calendar on his bedroom wall. It was the middle of November—just one more week until he'd see her.

He ignored his biology assignment on his desk, leaning back in his chair and running a hand through his hair. He had left his bowl-cut hairdo behind his first day of Freshman year in college, keeping it long, but using a pinch of gel to help it sweep up and out of his face. It wasn't fancy—nothing like what Steve or Dustin would do (he'd die of embarrassment)—but it was definitely a step up from his high school self.

Maybe I should call her, he thought, getting up from his desk and walking out of his apartment room. It was just before dinner time, she didn't have any late classes, and it was a Wednesday evening. She'd be free to talk, right?

He walked over to the phone that sat just outside of the small kitchen and dialed a number he was all-too familiar with.

After a few buzzes, Mike was heard a female voice abruptly answer the phone. "*Yeah*," she spoke flatly.

"Kim—" Mike began but was cut off.

"*Ah-ah, try again.*"

"...Tracy?" he tried, letting his head fall against the wall in mild frustration. Both of El's roommates, Kim and Tracy, were pretty lively and consistently found ways to keep him from talking with his girlfriend. He lost count of how many times his question of, "can I talk to El?" lead to some other *very* random and *very* long

conversation. He knew they did it just to mess with him, but that doesn't mean he still didn't get annoyed.

"The one and only, Mikey," Mike groaned at the nickname, but if Tracy heard it, she didn't acknowledge it. *"Yeah, Kim's gone right now, so obviously she couldn't answer the phone. Besides, don't you know my voice already, lover-boy?"*

"Bad connection?" Mike knew the excuse was shit, but he didn't care. "Is El there by chance?" he asked.

"Jane? Yeah, she's—she's... somewhere in here—jaNE! JANE, THE LOVE OF YOUR LIFE IS CALLING YOU!" Mike winced as he quickly took the phone away from his ear before slowly and cautiously bringing it back.

"Don't you guys live in a small apartment? Doesn't that mean you don't have to yell that loud?" Mike asked, closing his eyes and letting out a short breath.

"Oh shut-up," she said dryly.

"You're the one who was yelling—"

"Mike? Hey, what's up? Why are you calling?" whatever insult he had playfully prepared for Tracy was completely lost when he heard her voice. *El.*

"Hey," he greeted, smiling even though she couldn't see him. Not that he could help it, anyway.

"Hi..." she responded slowly, after a beat of silence she continued, *"Why are you calling? Is something wrong?"*

Mike shook himself out of his miniature daze, "O-oh, um, no. No, nothing's wrong. I just... wanted to call you, is all," he said lamely.

"Oh," he heard her giggle from the other side of the line and just wished he could see her smile. *Just one more week,* he reminded himself.

"I just," he found himself at a loss for words and all he could do was

focus on the dead-weight of *longing* he had in his gut. “I just miss you.”

“I do too,” he heard her sigh, *“But there’s only one more week and then we’ll see each other. And the rest of the party—Max said that she’s going to Lucas’ for Thanksgiving this year since her parents moved out of Hawkins.”*

Mike smiled, a Thanksgiving with friends and family sounded *wonderful*. A day full of great food and even greater people was all he wanted at this moment. Especially since he’ll be with El. “Nancy called me the other day and mentioned that she and Johnathan will be at Thanksgiving this year, too. Sounds like everyone will be in town this time,” he smiled. Being in his junior year of college, it was often that his friends or family would have different breaks or different schedules which meant it was rare for everyone to be in the same place.

“I’m sooo looking forward to your mother’s turkey,” El said and Mike could practically hear her smile through the phone.

He scoffed, “Well, if there’s one thing she’s good at, it’s cooking,” he said, only half meaning it.

“Both Joyce and Hop are terrible cooks, so I savor every meal from your mother,” she said with a wistful sigh. *“I’m most excited to see you, though,”* she admitted.

“Me too. It feels like this month is never going to end,” Mike said, leaning up from the wall and taking a seat at the little dining table he had set up. In the entire time he’s lived in this apartment with his two roommates, he’s 100% positive they’ve never actually used this dining table. The only time it was used was with his conversations with El.

“Yeah, it feels like forever,” she agreed. And she was right. Mike and El had typically arranged to visit each other by now. They were five hours away from each other which meant they’d go and visit one another whenever there was a long weekend. But this semester had been complete hell for both of them. For some reason the classes were just harder and the teachers were more strict. Any free

weekend was used for studying or working on projects. It truly, miserably, unrelentingly felt like *forever* since they had last seen each other.

“So what have you been up to?” he asked her, leaning back in the chair he sat in.

“*Nothing really,*” she said at first before gasping lightly, “*Oh! You wouldn’t believe what one of my classmates did during psychology!*” she rushed out, ready to tell him every detail of the situation.

He smiled, listening to her voice and her excitement. Long distance sucked, it *really* did. But they made it work. These little moments of hearing her talk and giving in to the pleasantries of conversation with his girlfriend was enough. The small bits of the unexpected they would find throughout their day and share with one another was good for now. Because soon he’d be with her. *Just one more week...*

“So what did they do?” he asked, grinning as he listened to her story.

Author's Note:

Short and simple, that's about all I can write... and draw for that matter... ;,D

Tumblr account is @lovelyshereee

Again, I hope you enjoyed, and thanks a bunch for reading!